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# A COLLEGE DRAMA

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THREE ACTS,

ENTITLED

# An Episode in College Life.

BY

CHARLES F. HAHN,

MEMBER OF THE CLASS OF '81, OF MADISON UNIVERSITY.

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the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.*

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UTICA, N. Y.

PRESS OF CURTISS & CHILDS, 167 GENESEE STREET.

1881.



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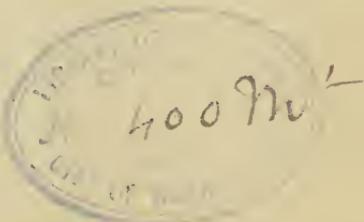
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## PERSONÆ.

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G. W. SMITH,	Fresh- men.	JUNIOR,
WEST,		1ST SENIOR,
WORDSWORTH,		2D      "
PETER WUNDERBANK,		PREX.,
SCOTT,		PROFESSOR,
CROCKER,		1ST TOWNY,
PHILEMON,		2D      "
1ST FRESHMAN,		3D      "
2D      "	Sopho- mores.	LUCY,
3D      "		KATE,
JONES,		MAUD,
McNAB,		Students, Townies, Ghosts,
FANSHAW,		Janitor, Maid, &c.

# AN EPISODE IN COLLEGE LIFE.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Class room. Sound of bell. Scuffling of feet. Rush of Freshmen into the room. Some take seats, others stand. Uproar and noise.*

SONG.

SMITH.—The next will be a beautiful and lone  
Duet by Peter Wunderbank.

WEST.— Give place  
To Germany!

All.— A song from Germany!

PETER.—All right! I sing you such duets my boys,  
Dat all the people say to me, let him  
Duet again! Let him duet again!

(Song by Peter, followed by confusion.)

Enter Prex.

PREX.—Young gentlemen, gymnasium's over there!  
(To Scott.) Take off your hat! (Exeunt.)

WORDS.—Now furl our sail and down our helms,  
After the gale let fall the calms. (They sit down.)

SCOTT.—What an imposing man he is! Quaked, quelled,  
And quieted by but a look! 'Tis clear  
That Prexy's lord of wind and wave, and when  
He speaks, then this diminutive, and this  
Tumultuous sea of ours is quieted.

SMITH.—It well befits his station. We would laugh  
At less a man. But let imposing men  
Beware of imposition! They remain  
Imposing longer.

WEST.— Nay I saw him smile  
And look good natured as he went from here.

SMITH.—Oh, he's all right! A frown and smile is far  
The better than a smile and darker frown.  
Say, none of us are hurt, are we? By Jove!  
We've nearly got a run!

Several.— Who kept the time?

SMITH.—A minute more!

CROCKER.— A minute and a half !

1st Fr.—No ! Smith is right ! Oh squeeze that minute boy !

2d Fr.—Cut off its tail ! (Exit.)

3d Fr.— Retail it longer ! Make  
It wag over !

WORDS.—Oh time where are thy wings, oh hurry !  
We're in a devil of a flurry !

WEST.—Here's wanted time ! Millions for a hair's breadth !

PETER.—A segond ! Mein good Livy for a segond !

(Throws up book.)

(Re-Enter 2d Fr.)

1st Fr.—Prof. is at the bottom of the stairs !

SMITH.—Time's up !

CROCKER.— A half a minute more !

All.—(Rushing out except Crocker and Philemon.) A run !

(Enter Prof. wiping his forehead.)

PROF.—What meaneth this, Crocker ?

CROCKER.— The boys have run !

PROF.—(Consulting watch.) I'm just on time !

CROCKER.— Just as I think and said.

PROF.—We'll see to this ! I did not run a half

A mile to be run on for nothing now !

(Exeunt all.) CURTAIN.

---

SCENE II.—*Campus.* (Enter Freshmen singing.)

SMITH.—Ah, there they come, three kindred spirits  
Now cemented fast by falsely born esteem !  
You set it down, there's just as great a mass  
Of pious fraud, as piety genuine  
In these our days. I say, a man who will  
Not run on grounds of pure Theology,  
Is running his Theology into  
The ground.

SCOTT.—And Crocker thinks that Prof. will mark  
Him better now.

1st Fr.— But I have got within  
My head an idea, that even Profs.  
Despise such men.

(Enter Prof., Crocker and Phil.)

PROF.— Now gentlemen I wish  
To know what all this means !

WEST.— We took a run  
 Professor, and we're celebrating now.

PROF.—I was on time as these two men avow.

SMITH.—We ran upon the second, didn't we boys ?

All.—Yes, sirree !

CROCKER.—Not by seconds thirty-three !

PROF.—You hear what Crocker said, and now denies ?

3d Fr.—We hear a dastard speak, and say he lies !

PROF.—I'm sorry gentlemen to disbelieve  
 You; for I cannot think but you are wrong,  
 And this is insubordination pure.  
 Therefore, I ask you to return at once  
 Before I seek more stern support. Respect  
 Not me, but do at least respect yourselves.

1st Fr.—We have respected you, and now if we  
 Retract, we'll never more respect ourselves.

All.—No never more, sir !

PROF.— Well, sirs, I shall call  
 You gentlemen no more, while thus you act.  
 Nor will I longer speak with you; but one  
 Thing sure, full reparation shall be made.  
 (*Exeunt, with Cr. and Phil.*)

PETER.—By cracky vat a mighty scrabe vere in !

SCOTT.—What I don't fancy, Prof. takes Crocker's word  
 Against us all. If Prexy seconds Prof.,  
 As ten to one he will, we'll have to cave.  
 'Tis something quite to fight a Prof.,  
 But quite another thing to fight a President.

WEST.—Professor seems to care too great a deal  
 For such a little action as a run.  
 To some Professors, conscientious men,  
 The smallest breach is just as great and sad  
 As total ruin ; just as little sins  
 By rigid orthodoxy's made as great  
 As darker sins. Their sense of justice is  
 So great ! But boys a Prof. that's sold gets mad,  
 As though you stamp upon his petted bunion.  
 He chews a sell as Pistol chawed his onion.  
 Professor now feels sore, and what is more,  
 He's sold himself more cheaply than need for.

SMITH.—Now boys our conduct will be treated as  
 A bolt, we meant it only for a run  
 And not a bolt, say, did we not ?

All.— We did !

SMITH.—Now who's so fresh and strong among us here  
 As wishes e'er to yield on such a day ?  
 Oh glorious day ! I feel myself inspired  
 To fight forever, rather than be robbed  
 Of this bright hour. I'm but half gypsy, just  
 As he was pining in yon prison there.  
 And now, say I, sin if we must, let's sin  
 The whole, and live one day all free from toil  
 And care and study, happy as a child  
 Of nature ! Aye, in other words, let's bolt !

Several.—A bolt!

SCOTT.—'Tis wrong to mar the peaceful flow  
 Of this fair school, to cloud the minds of Profs  
 With prejudice against us. Let us make  
 This reparation now, and once again  
 Enjoy their confidence and their respect.

WEST.—Nay, storms must come amain, and lords must rule,  
 Or all the streams of life would stagnant be,  
 And lords ne'er show their lordship nor their power.  
 How oft, think you, that wicked lords make up  
 An artificial tempest through their hate  
 Of stagnancy ? And even the good Lord's  
 Good dispensation's full of storms in man  
 And nature, seeing proneness in long peace.  
 And how, think you, the little myriad lords  
 On earth, for being only men, do laugh  
 Within their sleeve; when, after raising storms,  
 They quell them with a word, a look, a frown,  
 Oft rushing into solitude to hide  
 Their smile of satisfaction ? So I think  
 It well for us and well for them, that storms,  
 Such storms as this, come on to give us both  
 Our smile. Ne'er fear our Profs will yellow grow  
 With prejudice against us, for, because—  
 That prison to *their* hearts in time of flowers,  
 Is loathsome as it *now* doth seem to ours.  
 They must for conscience sake discountenance  
 All breaks and other sorts of dissonance.  
 Aye, but in school the're far more ruffled brows,  
 Than ruffled hearts and unrelenting vows.

SCOTT.—This all may be and may not be. At all  
 Events, we must be punished for our act.  
 Our President is constant as a star,  
 And will not swerve from principle nor right  
 To favor or misuse us.

3d Fr.—

Comets are.

We comets, as a class, are goets too.  
 We've come it long enough, now let us go it !

SCOTT.—I don't believe in bolting. Turn it as  
 You will, 'tis wrong. We'll bolt by it a many  
 Door against us, and then reap what we  
 Have sown.

SMITH.—Oh man, where is your spirit gone  
 That now you waver? But a word, a small,  
 A little word you stare at and you fear!  
 You work and toil and wear yourselves to death,  
 You dig and delve and open wide your graves;  
 Your natures cry for mercy and for rest,  
 By Harry, you refuse their earnest cry!  
 A bolt is nothing but a name that lives  
 When scruples leave and common sense comes in.

SCOTT.—A run is wrong, a bolt is grievous sin;  
 This class meeting is a conspiracy!

SMITH.—Well! Hang not life upon an action! Nay,  
 An action such as this doth oft make life.  
 Then hail intrigue and wrong and sin and strife!  
 Come learn to be a diplomat, sir dolt!  
 And where oppression stern will not assail,  
 Let's make oppression, and resist it well.  
 The consequences cannot be but small.  
 But let us all agree in this, if all  
 We cannot bolt and stay, we sure can bolt  
 And go elsewhere! I know a many schools  
 Who welcome all, whether they're wise or fools.

2d Fr.—We need a rest, and why not take it now?  
 When Prexy says retract, we'll say "give us  
 A rest!" No man's a saint or devil take  
 My word. We'll act alone for conscience sake.

SCOTT.—And when you say "give us a rest," then he  
 Will say, retract; and better were it did  
 We now retract, than then; for who will dare  
 Expose himself to wrath like his? Beware!

SMITH.—Our minds indeed laxation need and change,  
 Our hearts are caged in dryness and despair.  
 I'll brave a wrath like his or any man's.  
 And so for once, let's ready hand to hand,  
 And joyous heart to heart, and earnest soul  
 To soul, go singly yet together, aye,  
 And harmonize this little world of ours  
 With concert action, crying loud and strong,  
 Justice against justice, but greatest ours!  
 Then come what will! If when grave sternness warms  
 It breeds indeed the cruellest of storms,  
 Yet rock are undismayed; so let us be  
 As adamant amidst a troubrous sea.

All.—A bolt! A bolt!

SONG.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.—*Street.* Enter *Jones, McNab, Funshaw.*

JONES.—The female, George's chimerical at best.  
 The younger girl is like the raven charmed  
 By jewels, cloths of fine texture and such.  
 Three kinds of men do smite her most mortal,  
 The public man, the handsome stranger, and  
 The man of dress.

FAN.— I'm honest Jones, alas  
 For me, but neither of the three you name.

JONES.—Girls don't till later make philosophers,  
 Then sure they turn to charms of mind and heart ;  
 Therefore, the wisest man doth wait awhile  
 And gets the best of wives. Oh fickle girls !  
 But yet the girls are vanities at best,  
 And splendid playthings for the man of ease,  
 And such are you and I. Let heartless be  
 Your younger days, grow tender as you age.  
 I say the best of girls will leave you for  
 A newer man ; but woman truly loves  
 But once. A woman's love is worth our while.  
 Dress up then, George, and girlish hearts are thine,  
 Be public, man, or anything to shine.  
 This way to beat the worthy man is mine.

FAN.— On one and fifty ?

JONES.— I on little more  
 Than that dress up, and play and smoke to boot,  
 Let every noble fellow follow suit.

FAN.— I'll fling a ball, I'll run a mile,  
 I'll lift two hundred weight and smile,  
 I'll row a boat with lovely spurt ;  
 But I was never made to flirt.

JONES.—But I will never so assert,  
 For I am always prone to flirt.

FAN.— Well, I will work my hands and you your heart.  
 Of spoils, you have your own and I my part.

JONES.—Agreed ! My conscience though doth often prick  
 Me, George, when'er I see a maiden on  
 In years, who flirted 'way her youth with such  
 As me, and now's a woman without choice.  
 Oh girls, flirt not too hard with every man !  
 A modest girlhood is the safer plan !

MCNAB.—By jimminy ! A Freshman with a cane !

JONES.—Oh tempora ! Oh moree ! Must this be ?  
 (Enter Peter.)

MCNAB.—You minion of the German devil, halt !  
 You raw recruit ! You minny ! Stack your arms !

Surrender in the name of Sophomore  
 And to our Alma Mater's honor, sir !  
 In other words, my Dutchy friend, throw down  
 Your cane and canter.

PETER.— What for you take me !  
 A fool ?

JONES.—Defy us, do you ? At him boys !

PETER.—Get out ! Get off of me ! You give me what  
 Is mine ! I'll kill you ! Diebs ! You burglars ! Dem !  
 (They get it.)

McNAB.—Go on your way in peace and quiet now,  
 And Dutchy never carry stick again.  
 (Exeunt three.)

PETER.—Dere's dree to one ! Oh cowards, deifels, dem !  
 Now by der Prince Bismarck, dere vill be done  
 Someding for dis, so shure as I am Peter  
 Wunderbank, and Peter Wunderbank is me !  
 (Exeunt.)

SCENE IV.—*Room of student. Lamp. Smith alone.*

SMITH.—And I'm a man to-day ! Age twenty-one !  
 A visionary man in swaddling clothes.  
 The greatest that I know, I Freshman am,  
 Both fresh in manly years, and fresh, most fresh,  
 In manly deeds ! I would I were a man !  
 So shameful do I feel at times 'midst these  
 Boy's pranks, these playful scrapes so puerile.  
 A man's diversion ? Man's estate ? A man's  
 Estate is noble action. Here a man  
 Of thirty-five is but a boy with him  
 Of seventeen, and he of seventeen  
 Is often more the man. 'Tis college ways !  
 No lusty heroes live in college walls.  
 There's liars and non-liars, there's conceits  
 And non-conceits, there's sense and nonsense, there  
 Is good and bad, there's popularity,  
 Unpopularity; but heroes rare.  
 Like sheep the one is fat the other lean.  
 In active life alone heroes and honor  
 Thrive. I long to glide upon the flowing stream  
 Of life, and build upon its peopled banks.  
 Patience the word ? Aye, gentle whisper, thanks !

(Knock.)

Come in !

(Enter 3d Fr., Wordsworth and West.)

3d Fr.— Hello, my boy ! You study midst  
 A bolt ? A most cool head ! Vesuvius cast

Me forth, what is the matter? Weeping sure  
As shot!

SMITH.—The glare of light has made my eyes  
To water. Come to play at whist?

3d Fr.—

Prezact!

What's this? Zeus help us Latin! Here is Greek!  
There you go Greek! There you go Latin! Oh!  
Let us have something modern! Set around!  
This everlasting Latin's pilfered all,—  
Its monuments, its style, its sentiments,  
Its thoughts, its forms, its poetry, its prose,—  
'Tis making contrabandists of us all.  
E'en Cicero was only Captain Kid  
Of ancient times, with coffers full enough  
Of stolen treasures, and we are his apes.  
And this old Greek, which, buried years ago,  
Yet keeps a man a digging for its bones.  
Will turn us back, and make us ancients now,  
When all the world for moderns begs aloud.  
My friends desire to know that which I know;  
That which I know I do not know to tell,  
And they are disappointed. Discipline?  
Than dig again the grave of buried Greek,  
I'd rather cage the slippery lightning streak.  
Than nose about and grub dry Latin roots,  
I'd rather garner scientific fruits.

WORDS.—And as for me, than grub for Latin roots,  
I'd rather blacken Uncle Sammy's boots;  
I'd like to polish up the constitution.  
I'll either be a lawyer or a statesman.

WEST.—No boys, you'll need these precious herbs,  
They do not make you fat, but make you strong.  
With one foot, hand, and thought within the past,  
The other in the present should you live.  
'Tis dig, then, build; decay, that life may live;  
Destroy and reconstruction on the wreck.  
The past is discipline, the present the deeds,  
The future hopes and fears. We need them all.

3d Fr.—Say, West, where is all your collateral  
To-night?

WEST.—Sworn off! My lady does not like  
The savour.

3d Fr.—

Woman, what a power!

SMITH.—

Ay!

The gentlest, yet the greatest check I know,  
Is that that woman's counsel doth bestow.  
If woman despair in her sacred mission,  
God help the man in such a low condition.

But shame to her who leads a man to drink,  
To smoke, to chew, to play, to dance, or wink  
At little sins. More manly is it far,  
To live sans wine, sans cards and sans cigar.

(*Noise without. Enter Peter.*)

*3d Fr.*—By all the mummied laity what is  
The row?

*PETER.*—I've been insulted, gentlemen!  
Three bloody Sophs did fell upon my back  
And took from me the cane dat what was mine,  
Der class cane what we bought!

*SMITH.*—And hurt you, eh?

*PETER.*—My feelings they hurt irrepayable.

*SMITH.*—Enough of whist! A better game than this  
Is now on hand. Go call the fellows in!

(*Exit West.*)

And Peter you shall be avenged, or by—

(*Enter Fresh. and a Junior.*)

Come in my boys! a run, a bolt, and cap  
It all a fight on hand! Here's Peter been  
Insulted, robbed, and beat by Sophomores.

*3d Fr.*—Why Socrates, defend us! This insults  
Us all! I say, revenge!

*1st Fr.*—I'm aching long

To fight. The Sophs are braggart over us.  
I'll risk my head to save my sacred honor,  
And fight to death as doth a many soldier.  
This is a case of dignity and honor,  
And in these sad times of chivalry  
Would be an honest soldier.

*WORDS.*—Life's crises end in fight, in fame or death.  
One only loses blood, another loses breath.  
Who loses blood, is healed by balms of fame;  
Who loses breath, can wish no better name  
Than that he breathed his last upon the field.  
If we immortals make not mortals yield,  
These Sophs are mortals,—let me die in peace,  
And say that immortality doth cease.

*SMITH.*—Enough of nonsense, this is nothing small!  
I'm in for this and long to try my sword,  
My cane, I mean, this Freshman magic wand,  
And promise you that e'er it broken be,  
Three Sophs, at least, shall feel its mightiest force.  
To-morrow let us fight as bravely as  
We may; and then to cap the climax, and  
Complete the gay programme, our scurvy mates  
Let's rush, who in despite of right are now

Attending recitations daily. Let  
Us broaden breach in cause of justice, that  
We may show to our lords and ladies one,  
A stalwart front, the other, manly deeds.

*Junior.*—Well, Freshies, I am with you heart and soul!  
I have a deeper grudge than you against  
These Sophs. The Juniors are your truest friends.  
Look now to them for counsel and support.  
Fight valiantly as heroes in the fray,  
For dignity and honor brave their canes,  
And lay on double strokes and triple blows.  
Strike three for Peter here, and three times three  
For noble self, and one crush stroke for me !

(*Exeunt.*)

*WEST.*—If Smith our captain be, then we shall win.  
Let's swear our fealty. Now I, now you  
Swear, all have sworn. Hurrah for Captain Smith !

*SMITH.*—*Sh!* And now to bed. Don't grow soft hearted in  
The night. Good night, and martial dreams!

(*Exeunt Fresh.*)

The little stone again begins to roll.  
At any rate the real conflict of boys (*Bell strikes twelve.*)  
Is next to that of men. The morrow has  
Begun, its end. ....

(*Kneels.*) CURTAIN.

---

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Campus. Enter Freshmen.*

*SMITH.*—Here let us halt and tie our 'kerchief on  
Our arms, our strong right arms, and let it be (*Yells off.*)  
A sign of fealty and union ! . Look !  
You see your yonder crowd of foes ? And now  
Remember all the bitter taunts, the base  
Insults in public and in private they  
Have heaped on you ! Remember how like geese  
They hissed at you in chapel ! Yelling fish !  
And fresh ! mewing, scoffing, and mocking you  
With epithets too vile and harsh to be  
Forgot unpunished. They felt above  
You then ; but let us change this boastful pride,  
And fight it out of them ; and then we'll show-  
In every model household, baby must  
Be king ! Let babes to-day teach men, manhood !  
And now you little army, armed as  
You are ; when stern resistance meets us, let  
Us unresistless force our way, as though  
Our foes were reeds, our bodies chariots  
Of war, our canes were dragons' spears, our cause

Most glorious ! This day determines for  
 Us, whether insults we must take and bear  
 Or not ; and whether we can carry canes  
 Or not ; and whether we are valiant men !  
 Remember, Peter, what you owe to them !  
 Remember, men of honor, what we owe  
 To them and to our good insulted class !  
 Remember all, a duty calls you now !  
 Your duty is as great, your loyalty  
 As dear, as though upon the field of war  
 You fought ! And now they come ! Fight for your rights  
 And noble manhood ! Fight for peace and due  
 Respect ! For sacred honor, class and mates !  
 Brace up, men ! Charge !

*(Enter Sophs and fight.)*

*(Enter Peter, driving McNab before him at front of stage.)*

PETER.— Aha ! You blower ! Now  
 The German deifel's got you in his clutch !  
 Now see the minion beat the lord ! Now see  
 The minny swallow up the whale ! Dere's one,  
 Two, dree ! 'Tis I, I, Peter Wunderbank !  
 And Peter Wunderbank is me ! Get out !

*(Drives McNab off.)*

*(Enter Smith and Jones from opposite sides.)*

SMITH.—Good ! Smith meet Jones !

JONES.— And Soph meet Fresh !

SMITH.— You are  
 A leader, so am I ! Let's bear a hand,  
 Decide the battle here !

JONES.— All right ! How's that ? *(Thrust.)*

SMITH.—Very much adjacent ; but yet a miss !

*(Enter two Sophs.)*

What so unoccupied ? Now play me fair.  
 My cane ! *(Is beaten back.)* Fresh to the rescue ! Fresh-  
 men to  
 The rescue ! *(Enter two Fresh.)*

Right in time, my boys ! Lay on !

*(Enter Prexy excited. Sophs flee.)*

PREXY.—Hold ! Hold ! In heaven's name must men e'er ape  
 The devil ? Very images of the  
 Almighty God deface each other thus ?  
 For shame ! For shame ! The greatest sign of man's  
 Depravéd mind is found in recreation  
 Such as this ! And what have you for which  
 To fight, and draw each other's blood ? What wrong

Of rights deprived, of insults worth a name  
 To make you mad like this? You strike against  
 A brother all for nought. You think it nought?  
 Why! Why! 'Tis past belief!

SMITH.— No, Doctor, but  
 A principle's concerned in this, and this  
 To us is just as great as greater ones  
 Must be to greater men.

PREX.— We'll see! We'll see!  
 There's one thing sure—the devil's loose and we  
 Must hold him in. Go to your rooms and wash  
 And bathe your face with liniment, and meet  
 Me in the morning! (Exeunt.)

SMITH.— Peter, you did well!  
 And now, what is the list of accidents  
 And casualties?

WEST.— The fol'wing is the true  
 Official list of all the soldiers slain  
 And wounded left upon the field, and of  
 The prisoners and arms that we have ta'en.  
 Of killed, there's none on either side, thank God!  
 Of wounded, near as we can say, eighteen  
 On every side. Of prisoners not one.  
 Of arms, we've taken seven well-preserved  
 And seven broken canes. The enemy  
 Have flown before the face of wrath, beyond  
 The points of Freshmen canes. May heaven get  
 Our thanks for such a bloodless victory!

Several.—Amen! Amen!

SMITH.— Amen it is! You know  
 What you have gained to-day. But more's on hand.  
 Pray don't forget it! Let us give our yell  
 And go to dinner, where we'll eat as we  
 Have earned. Let's call our battle, Freshmen's fight.  
 (Yell.)

Remember what we have on hand to-night!

CURTAIN.

SCENE II.—*Street. Enter 1st Towny.*

1st Towny.—To be or not to be, that is not the  
 Question. To be? Aye! That is it exact!  
 To be a towny unoppressed, or be  
 A towny dead. These hill cattle are too  
 Imperious! Alas the pristine strength  
 Of this our town! Alas the fade-away  
 Of manly strength and valor! Aye, alas  
 The coming in of poverty, intrigue,

Hypocrisy, and all deceit, and all  
 Conceit ! I weep for thee, my usurped town !  
 I hate to walk thy noble streets, they seem  
 As not my own ! Thy daughters turn away  
 From us, and waste their youth and bloom upon  
 A transient villainy ! I seem to see..... .

(Enter two Townies fighting, crowd following.)

A fight ! (Rushing among them.)

Let up ! Why waste your strength against  
 Each other, when you have such noble game  
 To fight against ?

2d Towny.— I'm always ready to  
 Defend myself 'gainst friend and foe alike,

3d Towny.— And I rely upon my arms to make  
 Defence or get revenge.

1st Towny.— Then listen now !  
 We townies who would be quite popular,  
 Must take a second place, Aye, and often  
 A low third place within our town !

2d Towny.— I've felt  
 It !

1st Towny.— I have got a scheme. To let out our  
 Feelings, let's give the hill cattle a rub  
 With stones, with eggs, with anything !

2d Towny.— I take !  
 Let us unite the strength of this whole town  
 Against the college; fighting only for  
 Our own ; repelling all attacks upon  
 Our sacred honor,—even we have that,—  
 And living, dying,—free,—for in the walks  
 Of life that's low, a little freedom is  
 A giant thing. (2d and 3d Townies make up.)

1st Towny.—(Aside.) Combined ? 'Tis hardly worth  
 Combining ! Yet a little excitement  
 Is quite acceptable.

Several.— A cop ! A cop !

(Exeunt all.)

SCENE III.—(Room on hill. Smith and two Seniors seated.)

1st Sen.—Now, Smith, we wish to speak on grave affairs.  
 You are the head of this revolt, and hence  
 You are responsible for what occurs.  
 The Profs. are all incensed the way you act,  
 And with indulgence rare await your just  
 Obedience.

*2d Sen.—* You Freshmen must not be  
 Too independent. In the best of all  
 Our colleges, the Freshman finds his place.  
 The Freshman doffs to Sophomore, and so  
 The Sophomore to Junior doffs ; and the  
 Senior is the most mighty head of all.  
 Accept the facts ! Come, lead your fellows back !

*SMITH.—* A man's a man in college or without ;  
 But often less a man within. I cringe  
 To none who will not cringe to me.  
 I'll honor any one who won't look down  
 On me. Obey whene'er obedience  
 Is due. I say spite hurt, spite loss of pale  
 Affection, stand up for your rights, and truth,  
 And honor. No one else will stand as well  
 For you.

*1st Sen.—* You see things wrong. The good regards  
 Of men are not to be despised, but must  
 Be coveted ; for we are all likewise  
 Dependent on our friends, and chiefly on  
 Our influential friends for help. A show  
 Of fawning often reaps a good reward.

*SMITH.—* I seek from friends no more than I can claim  
 By right. I beg of none but God. Perhaps,  
 Too true, I'll be a beggar all my life ;  
 But what of that ? A beggar with a gem  
 He will not sell ! My chiefest moments of  
 Delight, are when in need, I yet can feel  
 Myself above mere changing flesh, and on  
 Level with spirit which is free. We are  
 Just what we are, and neither pow'r in Heav'n  
 Nor earth, if we act natural, can change  
 Us.

*2d Sen.—* These small acts deserve not such a warmth.  
 This run, this bolt, this fight, is far too small  
 A thing to fill your thoughts.

*SMITH.—* No act's too small,  
 But what the greatest principle's involved.

*2d Sen.—* When college honors, college favors, such  
 As you might easily enjoy, are sure  
 To follow your return to work, I think  
 We surely wish you well, as now we give  
 You this advice.

*SMITH.—* For college honors I  
 Care not, unless they come unsought ; then they  
 Also are sweet.

1st Sen.—

Just let me say a word.

I tell you what, you'll rue this spirit, when  
 You feel the need of friendly aid. You keep  
 Yourself in check. And even when your friends  
 Would help you up, you out of over self-  
 Reliance would withdraw from grand success.  
 You've got to fight forever for your life,  
 Your reputation, and subsistence, which  
 Must oft be won by wisdom and sound sense.  
 You're your own enemy. Too reliant  
 To be happy in this hard world. Enough !  
 Give up this petty riot, Smith ! Give 't up !

SMITH.—Don't ask me, please ! I may seem very proud  
 And independent now. I was not so  
 Always ; for I was over-modest once.  
 Remember, I am twenty-one, and thoughts  
 Have seemed to ripen in my mind, and in  
 My heart, feelings. I may be humbled soon,  
 Please do not try it now ; for with your blunt  
 Discussions, you might'st well attempt to calm  
 A nettled colt with tickle, thump and thrust,  
 Or sew a pretty seam with a crowbar ! (bah.)

(Passes between them.)

I've hurt your feelings ? Say, I used to hurt  
 My own to that degree ; that, did I hurt  
 A friend, I'd weep long after pardon, and  
 Often chose outs where ins were at my hand,  
 For sake of others. Then I lost, I now  
 Must win. I can't afford longer to lose.  
 I love the Profs, and truly love you all,  
 And I am independent now, under  
 The solemn protest of my heart, which bids  
 Me seek pardon.

(Enter Junior.)

JUNIOR.—

Good evening boys ! what thoughts  
 So mighty trouble heads so great ?

1st Sen.—

We come  
 As peacemakers to Smith.

JUNIOR.—(To Smith.)

They come to make  
 You eat your words, regret your acts, give up  
 Your liberty of thought, and tony down  
 To overbearing men ! I tell you what,  
 These little things, when we are put upon  
 Our honor, try us just as greater things  
 Try greater men. Give up indeed ! Why you  
 Have more a name to-day, than e'er before.  
 People now point at you and say, that that  
 Young man will make something out of himself.

*2d Sen.*—If you be his adviser, we shall have  
But poor success indeed.

JUNIOR.— Some maxims hear !  
A moral fight and victory is worth  
A hundred hundred Latin roots. A good  
And noble purpose, well observed, is worth  
A thousand, in the light of future need.  
Much rather fizzle in your class, than do  
So in your feebled wills, your faithless hearts,  
And narrowed minds. He is not every time  
The better man who most doth study. So  
Is servile like obedience much worse  
Than stubborn disobedience. Take home  
The case ! Make it your own ! Then say is not  
Smith right ?

*2d Sen.*— You do not justify the bolt  
I hope. He made rebellion open.

JUNIOR.— Wrongs  
Did urge him on !

*1st Sen.*— Who has a right to say  
What's right and wrong ? Who is the President  
Of this concern ? Who are the officers  
But all interpreters of Law ? What they  
Say, that is always right, as far as we're  
Concerned.

JUNIOR.— Well I beg leave here to object.  
Right 's always right, and half the time 'tis lost  
To men, because of spirits such as yours.  
Do you intend to aim at, e'er control  
A state, or any lively office which  
The century may give ? Why you are but  
Ideal students taking calmly on  
Your Alma Mater's idiosyncracies,  
And saying to the world: oh world, nothing  
Art thou to me ! *Here* is my life in full !  
Soon, soon enough, out in the world will you  
Exclaim: oh Alma Mater, nothing art  
Thou now to me, *here* is my life in full !  
You'll feel no love because you got no good  
To help you in the world. When I graduate  
I want to say: my college course had taught  
Me strength of character, as well as gave  
Me knowledge. Then I'll prove my loyalty  
And love to Alma Mater.

*1st Sen.*— I say chum !  
These boys are either far beyond or far  
Behind us. Anyhow we've wandered in

Discussion far enough. We leave you Smith,  
With hopes that you will heed our good advice.

(*Exeunt Seniors.*)

JUNIOR.—Common humanity seems set against  
Whoever acts most natural. Smith, shake !  
And let us vow ourselves anew to truth,  
To honesty, and fearlessness ! (Shaking hands.)

SMITH.— I have  
A hundred reasons, ready, genuine,  
Why we should be allowed a run, a fight,  
And now a reinstatement.

JUNIOR.— Stick to them !  
Good night !

SMITH.— We'll meet again shortly ! Good night.  
(*Exeunt Jun.* CURTAIN.)

SCENE IV.—*Street.* (Enter Fresh, who sing a song.)

Several.—On to the seminary ! (Exeunt all.)

(Enter two boys from opposite sides.)

1st Boy.— Who are those  
Fellows ?

2d Boy.— Society members !

1st Boy.— Of what  
Society ?

2d Boy.— Of the great  $\alpha$ ,  $\beta$ ,  $\gamma$ ,  
 $\Delta$ ,  $\varepsilon$ ,  $\zeta$ ,  $\eta$ ,  $\theta$ ,  $\iota$ ,  $z$ ,  $\lambda$ ,  $\mu$ ,  $\nu$ ,  
 $\xi$ ,  $o$ ,  $\pi$ ,  $\rho$ ,  $\sigma$ ,  $\tau$ ,  $v$ ,  $\psi$ ,  $\chi$ ,  $\psi$ ,  $w$ , society !

1st Boy.—What is its motto ?

2d Boy.— Why speak harm behind,  
A rival's back, and honey in his ear.  
Society supreme. All manliness  
Is arbitrary. Satan help the cute.  
The Lord preserve the feeble. Brotherhood  
With men at large, a lie.

1st Boy.— Enough ! enough ! (Exeunt both.)

SCENE V.—*Sem. Parlor.*

(*Singing heard outside. Enter Jones and Lucy.*)

LUCY.—I like those masculine pieces!

JONES.—The instruments or the music? (Tries to kiss her.)

LUCY.—Oh stop! They are going away! Those sweet songs do echo in my head, as in the hollow shell the soft sea murmurs loiter.

JONES.—Good! “The soft sea murmurs loiter!” You seminary ladies are so poetical, yet so chimerical!

LUCY.—Mr. Jones, I know you’re tipsy!

JONES.—No! Just drank a drop this evening for conscience sake. Jones is never tight, (*aside*) except for cash.

LUCY.—Except for what?

JONES.—Hash!

LUCY.—’Tis a pity! You ought to board with us. Oh yes! Tell me now of the battle you fought, and how you received this poor black eye.

JONES.—Well, three or four attacked me on all sides; and, though I foiled them all and laid them low, yet one young rascally Freshman made a lunge at me, and struck me in the eye, as I was warding off three other fell strokes.

LUCY.—Brave soldier! Now your wound is beautiful, an honor to your face.

JONES.—And as I’m brave enough to fight, I’m true enough to love. You are a nice girl, Lucy, and I love you. Will you be mine, mind, body, and soul?

LUCY.—Will you vow your love to me?

JONES.—(*Attitude.*) I swear by all that’s high—

(1st *Ghost Rises.*)

1st *Ghost.*—No! No! Swear not! You swore to me the same; When Senior Academe you vowed in name Of the most high your love for me, poor me!

JONES.—Depart, you shade of recollection!

1st *Ghost.*—Yes, tired you were of me, and left me sad.

Beware of him, he’s fooling, fooling thee!

(*Exit.*)

JONES.—All right! Have you gone? O, Lucy, I was acting! You see my genius is versatile. Now hear me swear again!

I swear by all that's high.....

(2d Ghost Rises.)

2d Ghost.—No! No! Swear not! You swore to me the same, When Freshman you did vow a vow in name, Of the most high, your love for me, poor me!

JONES.—(Loudly.) Confound you! Out! Out!

LUCY.—(In terror.) Heaven save me! The deliriums are on him. Mr. Jones.....

2d Ghost.—When I was young ye took me in, so sad! Beware of him, he's fooling, fooling thee! (Exit.)

JONES.—She's gone, too! Come on, ye host, with all your array of ghostly forms, and mournful voices!

Fickle ye were, fickle ye are, fickle ye will ever be! Just see me play the actor! This is Shakspeare, Lucy, Shakspeare. Now, by the great horn spoons, I'll swear if all hell itself turns out! I—swear—by—all—that's .....

LUCY—No! no! Swear not!

JONES—Ha! what! still another? You? Well, Lucy, I'll swear another time. Come! (Exit.)

(Enter Kate and Smith.)

KATE—Oh, George, you had a splendid fight and victory; accept my compliments!

SMITH—Yes, Prexy just prevented final mastery. But better far than mastery gained was it; because it would be rather too strange a time and place, as to-day and in this college, for the Freshmen to play the despots.

KATE—I'm glad then that it happened so.

SMITH—And why, I ask, Miss Kate, are you glad?

KATE—Because my sympathies are with the Freshmen.

SMITH—With the Freshmen? Why?

KATE—Because such noble men are there.

SMITH—E. G.

KATE—Charley West, Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Scott, and....

SMITH—Mr. G. W., George Washington, immortal; S., Smith, mortal, Freshman, F. R. S.

KATE—O, yes! He's rather nice!

SMITH—And you are nice, Miss Kate! Confess that you love me!

KATE—Love you? By what course of logic have you come to that degree of impertinence?

SMITH—I leapt across a gulf of woe and said,—“Confess that you love me.” I vow my love to you with all my heart. My first true love! A strong right arm and true heart’s love I give to you. Now what do you give me?

KATE—My heart’s pure love and small white hand.

(Enter *Junior and Maud*.)

SMITH—I told you so, and here we are well met!

Junior—Well won, I hope!

SMITH—(*Aside.*) I’ve won her, boy!

Junior.—(*Aside.*) So have I!

KATE—(*Aside.*) I’ve won him, Maud!

MAUD—(*Aside.*) So have I!

Junior—They say that love is blind. I say that love Is helpful. Is love blind? No! No! 'Tis not! Its eyes are full of light, its touch is full Of feeling. Cares it not for space, for miles, Finite or infinite, delay it not. It cares it not for time, for love lives on, And loved ones now, are loved ones evermore. With such a love, (*to Maud*,) I thee, I thee adore.

SMITH—I’ve often wept and sighed in vain to find A comfort to my heart and troubled mind. But what of all of this? I’m loved! I love! I’ll patient be, I’ll slowly rise above, Above this waiting and this murmuring; Where I can rise on free and tireless wing; And battles wage and triumphs win to me; And lay them down at my love’s feet, as she Will worthy prove of all I win or be. Love after all is joy, is hope, is life; (*To Kate.*) And so we seek thee for our loving wife.

(*Meanwhile Jones and Lucy come back in time to hear the last words.*)

JONES—(*Both coming forward.*) And I have found a love and wife!

Junior—(*To Smith and Jones.*) A truce!

JONES.—Spite foolishness, depravity, my Luce Was won by a pair of black eyes. My joy Will be that when I am a blue-eyed boy Again, for I have pretty deep blue eyes, That she will see the love that in them lies.

(*Song with six voices. Bell. Curtain.*)

SCENE VI.—(*Street or hill. Enter Fresh., masked. Night. All in a low voice.*)

SMITH.—Remember, use no names! Where men will sin  
And no authority denounce, there must  
The law be taken into hand. The Lynch  
Law must prevail, if law legitimate  
Cannot. 'Twill maim our spirits, kill our life,  
If such a sin remains unpunished here.

SCOTT—We have no right to venture this, I fear.

3d Fresh.—No right!

*All.*—sh!

3d Fresh.—No right? That monosyllable's  
Misunderstood too oft. The feelings of  
The honest men who cherish honor bright,  
(Are we not honest men?) Are always right.

1st Fresh.—I hate a most mean man, and would....

SMITH.—No hate  
Not such a man, but pity him. His fate  
Is hard and pitiable. It seems as though  
A duty urges on, come weal or woe.  
Come weal or woe, a duty urges on.  
Come weal or woe, our duty must be done.

(Song. *Exeunt.*)

SCENE VII. *Room on Hill.*

(Sound of snoring heard from bed-room off. Knock.)

CROCKER.—(*Within.*) I wonder who is knocking at the door?

PHIL.—(*Within.*) Don't know! Get up and see!

CROCKER.—(*Appearing half-dressed.*) Say, who are you?

3d Fr.—(*Outside.*) Oh, do come open up, and do not keep  
Us waiting here!

CROCKER.—(*Getting revolver.*) Hi, chum! Come out!

PHIL.—(*Appearing.*) Who is't?

CROCKER.—I'm half afraid they mean to do us harm!

(*Thumping. Cr. and Phil. stand against the door, which is burst in. The revolver goes off.*)

SMITH.—Thou conscientious and unconscientious  
 Man! A poverty of soul behind  
 A magazine of powder, you would once  
 Betray your mates, and after murder them!  
 Be comforted, that if you this offence  
 Had done, it would have been in self-defence.  
 Seize him and tie him tightly to a chair!  
 Now, Crocker, you are to be tried to-night  
 For perjury and infidelity,  
 The two sins of the nineteenth century!  
 You, usher, read the charge!

WEST.— John Crocker, you  
 Are under these three grand indictments : first,  
 For perjury, in your base lie about  
 Our just run ; second, for your desertion  
 Of class in time of need in our grand fight ;  
 And third, for infidelity, on each  
 And every day reciting alone in  
 The absence of your class. Now answer! Are  
 You guilty or not guilty ?

CROCKER.— Who made all  
 Of you my judges? I'll not answer!

SMITH.— Bring  
 Here large supply of cold aquavitæ  
 From earth's deepest recess and mountain top!

(3d Fr. comes forward with pitcher.)

3d Fr.—My lord, the cold aquavitæ is here!

SMITH.—Pour twenty ounces down his back and wait  
 The grave issue!

3d Fr.— The twenty ounces are  
 Gone down, my lord! Lo, where's the grave issue?

SMITH.—Inquire, usher!

WEST.— Guilty or not guilty?

CROCKER.—You are a beastly set of cads and fools!

SMITH.—Pour twenty ounces of your sweet and cold  
 Aquavitæ adown his back and wait. (Song.)

3d Fr.—The twenty ounces are adown my lord!

SMITH.—Usher!

WEST.— Guilty or not guilty?

CROCKER.— You will  
 All suffer well for this!

SMITH.— Tip back his head  
 Thirty degrees. Pour five ounces adown  
 His throat and wait! Now take example from  
 The chicken, boy, and when you drink give thanks!

3d Fr.—The five ounces are gone adown my lord!

SMITH.—Usher!

WEST.— Guilty or not guilty! (Crocker is silent.)

SMITH.— Now lay  
 Him gently down upon his shiv'ring back!  
 (They lay him rudely down.)

3d Fr.—He's tenderly laid down, my lord! Upon  
 His shiv'ring back!

SMITH.— Uphoist his feet high in  
 The air, and pour your cold aquavitæ  
 Into his pantaloons and wait!

3d Fr.— The cold  
 Aquavitæ is gone, my lord, into  
 His pantaloons.

SMITH.— Usher!

WEST.— Guilty or not  
 Guilty? (Crocker still silent.)

SMITH.—Now lift him up! Detach him! Hold  
 Him fast! Say, Crocker, we do not delight  
 In this. It is the gravest act of all  
 Our lives. A lesson must be taught. Each one  
 Of you, most loyal ones, go mark the knave  
 And traitor with a blow of scorn upon  
 His face! (None move.) You noble few, I thank you for  
 Your loyal disobedience.

CROCKER.— Forgive  
 Me boys! I'm guilty! Or here now give me  
 My sentence! Oh I've been a coward, fool,  
 And dastard! Cast me out! I don't deserve  
 The name of Freshman more. I see my mean  
 Spirit and servile! Now I think with you!  
 Forgive me boys! I'll be a better man! (Masks off.)

SMITH.—Forgive you? Aye, and love you now! We hear  
 Such sweet refrains, the sweetest that e'er fell  
 From lips of yours. Come, let him dress, and let  
 Us warm him up with some brave oyster stews.  
 A prodigal is he! Let's kill for him  
 The fatted calf, and put a ring upon

His hand, and let no wicked brother grieve!  
 I say break mean inclined men by the  
 Most harshest means, and that alone will save  
 Them from their wicked ways. Our gay programme is  
 done,  
 Our sad programme is soon begun.

(Song. CURTAIN.)

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ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Classroom.* (Prex., Prof., Freshmen, except Smith.)

PREX.—I wish to say a word or two to you  
 Young gentlemen. And say what I shall say  
 As president. As long as I am here,  
 I must perform my duties whether they  
 Be disagreeable or otherwise.  
 As this case stands, you are without excuse.  
 Your Professor had kept the time as well  
 As you, and it was your duty to do  
 As he desired. This fight I do not now  
 Condemn, for when the passions rise, the mind  
 Is out. I will not now speak of the rush  
 Upon your fellow classmates, since its end  
 Was not disastrous. Let that go! And let  
 The fight go, too! The run was only wrong.  
 The bolt was only wrong. There's no excuse.  
 And now shall you my only sentence know?  
 Give up and stay; keep on the bolt, and go! (Rises.)

3d Fr.—Our time was right!

PREX.— Keep still! Don't contradict  
 Me! What I say I mean! Young gentlemen  
 You are committing mental suicide.  
 Unlawful acts will always bring their sad  
 Rewards. Why! why! You're past your boyhood days.  
 The morning star of life 's already in  
 Decline for you, and evening twilight greets  
 Half way the dawn of active life, and yet  
 You're reckless still! Give up this freak! And when  
 Again you honor Professor and me,  
 Another trinity 's in unity. (Exeunt.)

PROF.—You place me in a very difficult  
 Position. I have told my tale to all  
 The Faculty; and, if you still maintain  
 Your point, as probably you will, if you  
 Insist on it, then I lose much respect  
 In other eyes, and feel myself disgraced.  
 I hope you think some better of it now.

3d Fr.—I do not like the words which we just heard.  
 As though we had no right at all to think  
 Or know what 's true!

PROF.— He must authority  
 Uphold, and must maintain his privilege  
 To say what must and what must not be done,  
 I know, I know, that under all his brusque  
 And sternness, dwells a tenderness and love  
 For you, which you're unconscious of, and which  
 He smothers, to maintain the dignity  
 Position calls from him.

WEST.— We were both right  
 Perhaps, and times were wrong. Time never lies,  
 But watches often lie. I think we are  
 However unprepared to-day, and so  
 Cannot recite.

PROF.— I'll call upon the class  
 For Monday's recitations merely. Let  
 Me say to you, that only work, which you  
 Seem loth to do, in after years will make  
 You men. I will dismiss you now.  
 I only wish to add, that I have done just as  
 I did, because I felt that I would prize  
 Your love and good appreciation years  
 In future, than your present passing love.

3d Fr.—Hurrah, for Prex. and Prof!

All.— Hurrah! Hurrah!  
(CURTAIN.)

SCENE II.—*Hill.* (Enter Fresh. and Smith from opposite sides.

WEST.—Smith, why was it you did not come in class?

SMITH.—I'm always prone to talk too much at such  
 A time; and when I speak it worries me  
 For hours afterward. What did you do?

WEST.—If we do so accept we are let off  
 On only Monday's recitations.

SMITH.— Well!

We may as well accept. Though we may not  
 Compel our officers to yield to us,—  
 And who would wish them to give in to us,—  
 We yet have taught them to respect us in  
 The future. It will be a treaty, though  
 Unwritten and unsaid; yet still 'twill be  
 A treaty by tradition handed down.

*(Song.)*

Several.—On to the campus! Let us haste!

*(Exit.)*

SCENE III.—*Campus. Sophomores. (Enter Fresh.)*

*Sophs.*— Fresh! Fish!

*Fresh.*—Canes! canes for sale! Cheap!

*Sophs.*— Shut that mousetrap! ya—!

*JONES.*—A challenge!

*All.*— Ho! a challenge!

*JONES.*— Fanshaw dares  
To wallop any Freshman you may name.

*CROCKER.*—My classmates beg I now a favor from  
Your hands. Choose me to be your champion.  
If loyalty and love can battles win,  
If courage counts amid the battle's din,  
Choose me your champion, and give me chance,  
To atone for past mistakes by sharp pittance.

*All.*— Hurrah for Crocker!

*SMITH.*— He's a noble fellow!

(*Fight, confusion.*)

(*Enter Janitor.*)

*Janitor.*—The Townies have attacked a lot of boys  
Down town with eggs and stones; why don't you go  
And help them? (Exeunt.)

*SMITH.*— Come, Soph. Jones, what is the use  
Of fighting here for nothing. Let us leave  
Our battle for a better one. Let us  
Unite our forces to resist the strength  
Of this whole town. Or better still, let's join  
Our hands in peace and fight no more.

*JONES.*— All right,  
I have no grave objection to't, Fresh. Smith.

*SMITH.*—Then we are friends! come shake! shake all around!  
(*They shake.*)

*WORDS.*—Why, we are not so much an enemy  
As one would think. We're never enemies  
Unless in wrath. These Townies must be beat;  
Let's all unite to do this easyfeat.  
No enemies are found in college walls  
When foreign danger to the conflict calls.  
We are no longer Soph's or Freshmen now;  
We'll join together, make a common vow,  
To save our Alma Mater from all harm,  
With honest mind, and heart, and strong right arm.

JONES.—Then out upon these Townies come! Shout not  
For Fresh., shout not for Sophomore, but shout  
For Alma Mater and her glory; come!

(*Exeunt. CURTAIN.*)

SCENE IV.—(*Street. Enter Townies.*)

1st Towny.—No use afighting them! Too many and  
Too strong are they for little forces such  
As we to beat!

2d Towny.— We cannot scare the hill,  
We cannot rule the town, we must  
Confine ourselves and our exertions to  
A single little district where we live.

3d Towny.—I see we must confine our energy  
To fighting 'mongst ourselves.

(*To 2d Towny.*) Come you and end  
That little matter yesterday disturbed  
By such vain expectations. Come! (Square off.)

1st Towny.— Look out!  
Here comes the conq'ring host! 'Tis Gideon's band!  
Alas! Our combination is a sham!  
It's whole credit ain't worth a single d—!

(*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter Fresh. and Soph.*)

JONES.—Stop! This is far enough! The Townies have  
A lair and stronghold which we cannot storm,  
As well as we. The point is this, we do  
Not want the town, but woe betide the men  
Or boys, who dare usurp the hill!

WEST.— I've got  
A good idea, we've made it up with Prex.  
And Prof., and with these royal fellows here,  
And what could we to show our feelings more,  
Than were we to prepare a banquet; first  
To honor Prex. and Prof., to honor next  
Our noble classmate Crocker's close escape  
From sycophancy. Finally and last,  
To celebrate our noble union 'gainst  
All odds outside.

JONES.— That is a splendid thought!  
Let's see to it! (Exeunt all but S., 3d Fr.)

SCOTT.— Will our guests come?

3d Fr.--

Of course

They will ! Why, they are human, man, and each  
 And every human man has got a sort  
 Of stomach, and delights oft to surprise  
 That organ with a decent meal. They'll come!  
 My honest word for it, they'll surely come!

(Exeunt.)

SCENE V.—*Banquet hall. Table in center. Ends of tables seen.*  
*Prex., Profs., Fresh., with Junior at middle table. Junior at*  
*the head of the table. Jones, Smith, Crocker, West and Words-*  
*worth on ends of other tables.*

(Enter Maid.)

Maid.—(To West,) Take oysters ? Stewed or fried!

WEST.—Sh !—(Pointing to Prof., who is about to ask a blessing.)

(The Prof. sees the motion, laughs, and sits down.)

3d Fr.—(Aside.) That 's an official  
 Bolt upon the Lord!PREX.— We mean it well  
 Enough, let that suffice! (They eat.)Junior.— Now, friends, we must  
 Not quit this gay meeting, until we hear  
 Some words of what we feel within us. Now  
 Professor Goodenough will take the theme,—  
 Relation of Professor to the Boys.PROF. G.—This subject, gentlemen, is difficult  
 For me to treat to-night, because I seem  
 To have a false idea of it, by what  
 Occurred the three days past. But I shall try.  
 Now we Professors all are paid for work  
 We do, and paid to do it full and well,  
 And take a pride in doing all things well,  
 Just as artificers in other spheres.  
 We soon get use to humdrum life and work.  
 Our class room soon becomes our world of pride,  
 Our world of trials, and our world of care.  
 Our world of hope; for there our work of life  
 Is done; and we, as other men, desire  
 To do some good. We feel we 're doing good;  
 And this good feeling brightens hours of toil,  
 Of tirdest brain, and lifts great loads of care.  
 The student, on the other hand, comes here  
 And pays his way, or has it paid for him :

But since he does not work for pay, they try  
 To take advantage, many of them, of  
 Their teacher, whenso'er they can. Now see  
 How dear it costs a man who's spent whole hours  
 Into the night to get some new and good  
 A thing to show next day in class, and all  
 Is spoiled by boyish acts. A good week's plan!  
 And yet, (why not?) we must provide and earn  
 Our livelihood; and this compels us to  
 Receive with moderation, all the base  
 And boyish impositions cast upon  
 Us. And no reverence for us is held:  
 But criticised, dispraised, or praised, we stand  
 A prey to every chance of ridicule.  
 Things seem to look this way to me; and I'm  
 Resolved, that I shall act as justly as  
 I may, and do as much as e'er I can.  
 Despite unkindness, loving every man.  
 The teacher should be honest, true and fair.  
 No favor, no revenge, harm, anywhere.  
 The student should be honest, courteous, kind;  
 Ready to work with earnest heart and mind.

*Jun.—* No honest man will fail to see great force,  
 In what Professor said. But now I'll call  
 On West to take in briefer words the theme,—  
 Relation of the Student to the Prof.

*WEST.—* Professor Goodenough has shamed me to  
 Humility. And yet I find a gem  
 Of pardon for the student. We are from  
 The world, we find our teachers gathered here,  
 And like them, or dislike them, using our  
 Own mind to think and heart to feel; and we  
 Insist upon the proper man in the  
 Right place, or we need not go under him.  
 Perhaps we do not feel that reverence  
 Which very few of them do seem to want.  
 We feel a personal love for him who treats  
 Us well. I mean the best of students do.  
 A bolt doth neither mean hatred or wrath,—  
 'Tis reverence set aside, not wholly lost;  
 'Tis love pressed down by reckless love of fun.  
 Dishonored? Who dishonored? We? We then  
 Did do it unintentionally so.  
 The bolt is over now, what are the costs?  
 Nothing to us, but this devoured meal;  
 Nothing to you, Professor, save a slight  
 Unrest. Nothing to you, dear President,  
 Except another bolt 'twixt heart and heart,  
 To keep them closer, safer, dearer yet.  
 We would reject an overbearing bolt.

We would refuse the counsel of a dolt.  
 Without a show of right we would not run ;  
 Without a show of fight we'd not be won.  
 Our battle's o'er, our glee and task is done.  
 We now unto a higher work return.  
 A taste of worldliness is quite enough.  
 We're tired of play, and tired of sturdy cuff.  
 One bolt will last us all our mortal day.  
 Its lesson soon is learned—it does not pay.  
 Receive us once again as students true,  
 To tread the higher paths of love anew.

**JUNIOR.**—We have a hero here. I call up Jones.  
 “The fight and the happy result of it.”

**JONES.**—The fight did mnch for me. My eye received  
 A patch and coat of paint. My heart received  
 A curable insult. It did as much  
 For many others of my class. But who  
 Here now cares for the pain and blows bestowed  
 By Freshman canes ? That fight has cured a breach.  
 A lesson full of meaning doth it teach,—  
 That men are men, and heaven help the man  
 Who tries to rob one who doth feel he can  
 Maintain his own just rights and liberty!  
 The lesson of this fight to us shall be,  
 To act as gentlemen and not as boys;  
 Contend with thoughts, ideas, and not with toys ;  
 To feel respect for lower classmen more,  
 Thus we'll receive more honor than before.

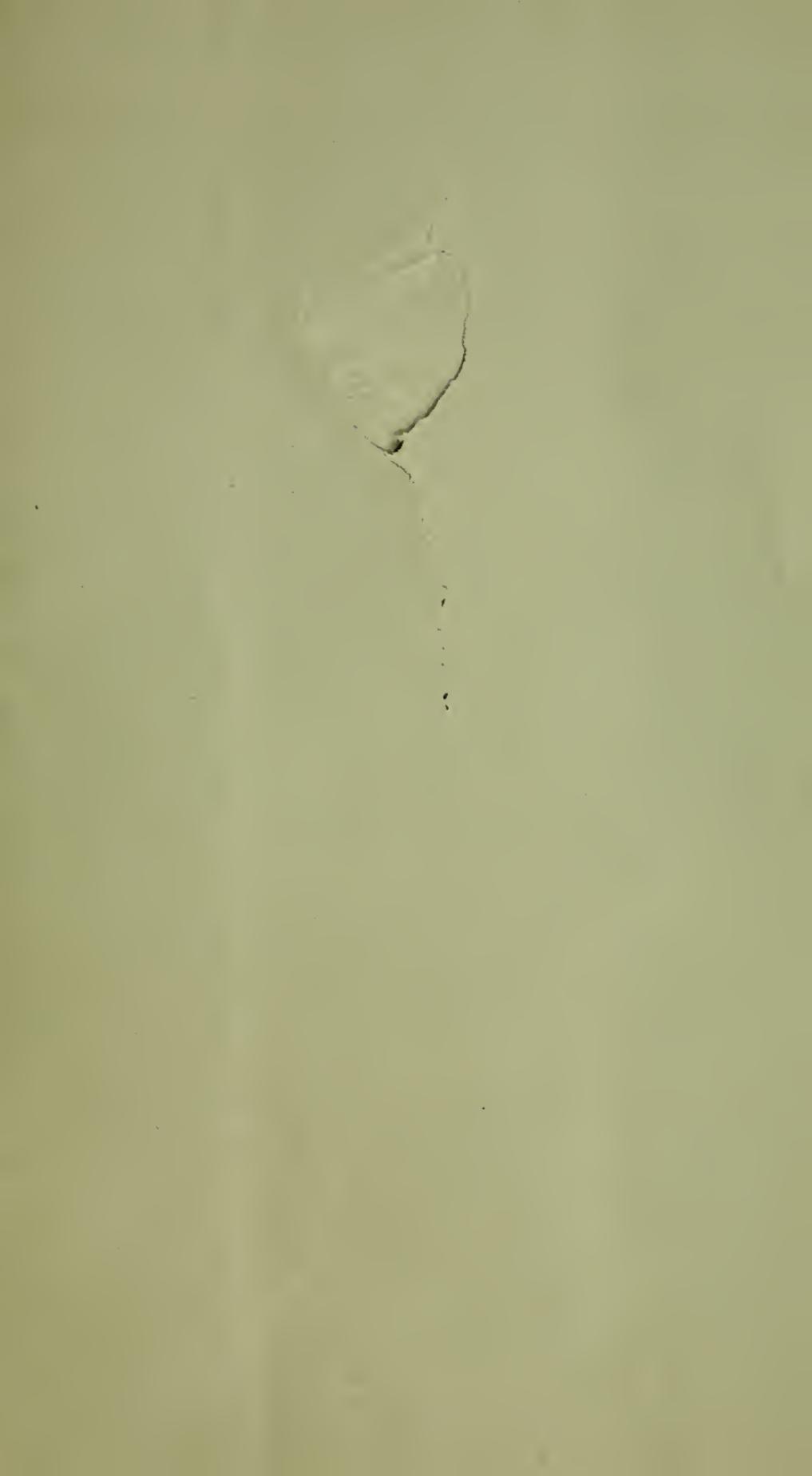
**PRES.**—(*Rising.*) Submit to me, allow me but a word!  
 To you I say that every man should have  
 Three times the independence back of him  
 As e'er he shows,—a priceless treasure that!  
 Let us not mix philosophy to night  
 With plain and open causes and effects.  
 The students ran because the love of fun  
 Surmounted their desire for higher work.  
 But for a time you mind, but for a time!  
 I welcome you once more to classroom duties,  
 To warmer hearts, as well as classic beauties.

(*Song Alma Mater.*)

**WORDS.**—And now we're all content and merry,  
 And now content our difference to bury,  
 Content to sleep and wake, to-morrow, tarry,  
 To hear, and what we hear, away we'll carry.  
 Look up and down an enemy's not in vision!  
 Look through and through there's not the least division!

(CURTAIN.)

*THE END.*



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